



Walter Eytan, former Director-General for the Israeli Ministry for Foreign Affairs, speaking last night in the Leacock Building about Israel relations with Europe and the Third World.

Former Israeli envoy:

Diplomatic obstacles short-lived

by Michael Lewis

Last night, the former Director-General of the Israeli Ministry for Foreign Affairs, Walter Eytan, spoke on Israel's relations with Europe and the Third World at the Leacock Building. Now the Director for the Israeli Broadcasting Corporation, he declared that he was not a statesman for the Israeli Government.

Eytan started his talk by remarking that Israel, "is more in the centre of news than any other country in the world of its size". He added though that this was not an enviable position and that Israeli relations with the world at large can be seen in terms of a struggle.

In his summary of Israel's relations with Europe, he said that very few countries accepted Israel unconditionally in the years following 1947. However, he emphasized that this arrangement worked reciprocally. For example, as soon as Israel became independent in 1947, Spain sent an emissary to

ask Israel to ask Spain to recognize it. Israel refused because, in Eytan's words, "Franco was the one remnant of Hitler and Mussolini".

Eytan spoke of the Soviet Union almost with admiration. In recounting the Soviet Union's foreign policy he said that, "there is no country in the world with a more pragmatic or flexible foreign policy". In 1947, the Soviet Union gave its full support to the struggle in Palestine not because it favoured the creation of a Zionist state, but because it saw the means by which Great Britain could be expelled from the Middle East. By 1951, in Eytan's opinion, relations between Great Britain and Israel had become normalized and the Soviet Union withdrew its support of the Israelis in favour of the Arabs, whom it saw as a tool with which it could pry the British from Suez.

The new obstacle in the way of good relations between Israel and Europe now, of course, is

Arab oil. But Eytan feels that this obstacle is temporary. Europe is developing its own alternative sources of oil and the need for the Arabs will diminish as these new sources become available.

It was with an air of satisfaction that Eytan explained the futile endeavour of the Arabs to expel Israel from the United Nations. The total number of Communist countries, Arab countries and Third World countries together form well over half the membership of the U.N. and it was these that the Arabs hoped to rally against Israel. But they could never amass the necessary support from member nations and, as with those of the Organization of African Unity, were outrightly refused.

In conclusion, Eytan said that the recent attempt to introduce a resolution which would brand Zionism racist was merely a final attempt by the Arabs to taint Israel in the eyes of the world.

Administration:

Inaccurate job descriptions a minor irritation

by Martin Braun

The Administration of McGill, always suspect in its dealings with the university's maintenance workers, seems to have blundered again.

Its most recent indiscretion came to light this week when a number of workers approached their union president, Mr. T. Roguen, complaining of inaccurate job descriptions recorded on their paychecks.

Goguen discovered that every maintenance workers' paycheck for the past three weeks had included a job description which, though itself unique, was inaccurate and downgrading as well. According to the cheques, men who hitherto were categorized as 'physical plant' or 'senior building service man' were now referred to as 'cleaning' or 'service in building'.

When questioned on the matter, the payroll department dismissed it as a minor irritation and explained the new classifications in ambiguous terms. Book-keeping errors were implied but not admitted to, and the fact that the situation was not corrected immediately was similarly ignored. They did not believe a real issue existed.

Goguen could not decipher the administration's motives either. However he confided that the only assumption he could arrive at was that the university had declassification on its mind.

Whether or not the issue is of significant proportions, it would appear that by tomorrow it shall no longer exist. The payroll department forwards the paychecks at that time and maintains that the wrong should be righted by then. Goguen is also confident. He mentioned the matter to the administration last week and was satisfied with their response.

When the subject was discussed with the union's business agent, Joseph Gorgio, he stated that a phone call to the Administration would take care of the matter, "simple as that."

Gorgio is currently renegotiating a new contract for the workers, who have been without one since May. He expressed confidence in his attempts to secure a satisfactory contract, claiming that he was "in a powerful position." However, exactly when a settlement would be reached was "impossible to forecast."

by David Ress

Quebec trade-unionists began taking steps to oppose Prime Minister Trudeau's selective wage and price control policy yesterday when the CNTU's Montreal Conseil Confederal met to discuss possible action and to begin organizing protests.

No definite course of action was proposed by CNTU leadership, and the meeting broke up without formation of a detailed plan.

The CNTU has called on the Quebec Federation of Labour and the CEQ to join it in a united front without delay.

CNTU spokesmen expected the two unions to join protests once they are organized.

In its document, the Conseil labelled the controls capitalist aggression and called on workers to mobilize to defend fundamental rights subverted by the controls.

The CNTU charged the government with manipulating public opinion in saying the controls are to fight inflation. The document said clearly the government is ensuring income for richer citizens and corporations at the expense of the worker.

There is a strong feeling in

the Conseil that the controls hit at recent union efforts to improve the relative wealth of workers, and thus their standard of living. The document cites figures showing the share of national wealth paid to workers has declined by 3 per cent from the end of 1972.

The Conseil's efforts now seem directed at union members, to involve them in some form of mobilization. This most likely will take the form of mass demonstrations, rather than work stoppages. A general strike appears out of the question for the moment.

False drug ads harmful

by Peter Krawczuk

Misleading advertising is jeopardizing the medical practice, says the President of the McGill Medical Students' Society. "Drug companies' advertising techniques pose a threat to sound therapeutic management", said Allen Fein.

Fein added that, "Although medical students may be counted on to discriminate in the selection of drugs because they are in an environment conducive to such discrimination, once they're out of school they're on their own. For the next 20 years, they will be bombarded with misleading ads and brand names."

"Therefore," he says, "students should be encouraged to develop the habit of rejecting these ads as a matter of course. One way to reject such

misleading advertising is," he says "to refuse glossy drug ads, such as those by CIBA, which are currently accepted by the Medical Students' Society for the med students."

Control of false drug advertising is "ineffective" says the Consumers' Association of Canada.

Professionals in medicine are, therefore, forced to rely on other sources of information for their knowledge about new drugs. There are three such sources:

The first is drug company "detail men". According to a recent publication by the McGill Drug Symposium, these sources are well versed in Madison Avenue techniques, but have little medical knowledge.

The second source is product monographs (descriptions). Al-

though the Symposium said they are "the best source of information about the particular drugs," they tend to be "too lengthy, not readily accessible (one has to write to the manufacturer for them), not up-to-date, and unable to assist in comparative drug analysis."

The final source of information on drugs is the Medical Letter. The symposium publication criticized the Medical Letter for not adequately serving as a dictionary of drugs. There is no such work being conducted at the present time.

"An alternate source of information may be forthcoming," says Allen Fein, "especially after the referendum to be held in late November or early December to update the Drug Symposium."

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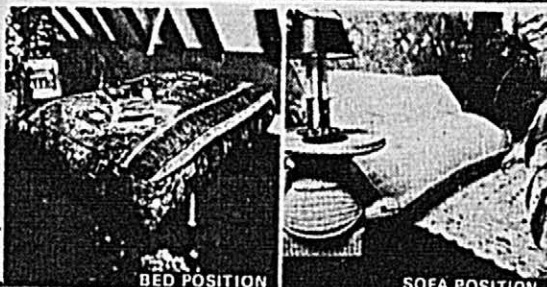
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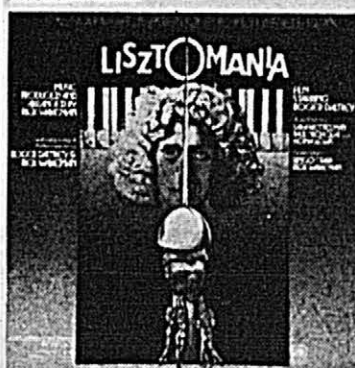
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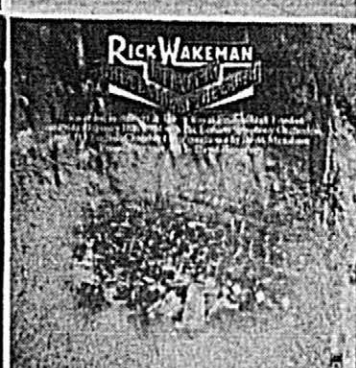
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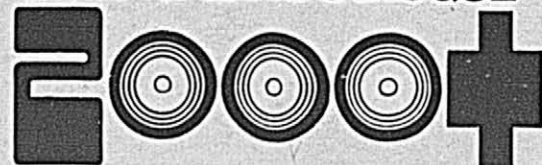
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Thailand: a study in deterioration

This is the first installment of a two part article, the second half of which will appear tomorrow.

by Craig Toomey

Eyes peer out from every bar along Bangkok's neon-lit "Pattpong" district when a 'farang' [foreigner] passes by. Pimps run towards him from every direction, flashing menus of sex into his face, pleading with him to climb a sleazy staircase at the corner or enter a darkened bar nearby. "Wanna see a man-woman fuck show?" they ask in their best Brooklynese accents. "Howabout a special massage?" Just this way mister."

As the farang walks down the street every bar door opens to him. Inside he sees a half-dozen painted faces standing in the threshold, beckoning him to come in. He walks on. An exceptionally aggressive pimp manages to pull him into The Horny Toad Club. Two sweaty hands immediately grasp his and he sits in front of the stage. A crackly song permeates the pitch black room. He recognizes it to be the infamous Gainsborough-Birkin tune "Je t'aime, moi non plus."

The stage suddenly lights up and he sees an expressionless woman standing before him. Her eyes are black and empty. Her naked body sways lifelessly to the scratched music. For five minutes she inserts ping pong balls up her vagina and tries to drop them into a beer glass at her feet. The audience claps when she succeeds, they laugh when she falls. But their carnival mood never seems to break through the shame of the act.

The farang pays his money and leaves, a painted face at his side, another body to sooth his loneliness. Countless eyes watch another dollar bill leave "Little America" for the night.

Ask an American serviceman what Bangkok means to him and you'll get a long list of the best bars, brothels and massage parlours in town. "A soldier's paradise", they'll tell you, "just the right place to go after fighting in the 'Nam."

Thailand was one of the United States' most strategic outposts during its "war against Communism" in South-East Asia. More than 50,000 troops were stationed at bases throughout the country at the height of the Vietnam war. It was from these bases that the United States staged its devastating air war against North and

South Vietnam—and later Cambodia. These bases also provided a resting point for America's war weary soldiers, leading to the expansion of Pattongs not only in the capital, but near every military establishment as well.

Thailand was at that time ruled by a military dictatorship that was only too eager to have

country. After the U.S. wilfully used its bases in Thailand to launch an attack on the newly liberated Cambodian people, hundreds of thousands of workers and students took to the streets across the country calling for the permanent expulsion of the U.S. military from Thailand. In Bangkok, Thailand's teeming capital, these

altogether willingly, and ordered the U.S. to leave by March 1976. But this summer, Finance Minister Boonchu Ratanastien made it clear why his government took this action—not because it wanted to, but because it had to in the light of recent developments in South-East Asia.

"Unless the demands of our

presence by March of next year, will make its presence felt even greater—not militarily, but economically, through fair and equitable trade with us. If American economic involvement is considered only possible in countries where you have military bases, then indeed I do not expect to see many of my former friends in Thailand."

If the future of American involvement in Thailand remains uncertain, the future of the country's shaky constitutional democracy remains equally so. For the drastic changes that have occurred in South East Asia over the past year have not only left Thailand with an acute identity crisis, it has shaken Thai society at its very roots. At times this expresses itself in the form of a sense of mild confusion pervading the nation. At other times it emerges in outright and frightening anarchy.

Violence

It was a stifling hot August day in Bangkok. Nineteen year old Thaworn Thongtheng was casually walking across the compound of his Rama Six Engineering School with his friend Anucha. They were probably discussing the best way to get home through the crowded streets of the city. Or perhaps they were wondering how they did in the exam that morning. It makes little difference—seconds later they would both be dead, victims of student conflict presently raging throughout the Buddhist kingdom.

Reports say that a string of explosions first ripped through the classrooms behind Thaworn and Anucha. But they offered little warning. Fractions of a second later two students fell under the impact of a wave of bullets. Thaworn managed to grab his friend's arm and stumble down a side lane, desperately trying to escape the wrath of a dozen gun-toting vocational students. But they didn't get very far. As he died in a pool of blood Thaworn watched the rivalling students pump Anucha full of bullets at point blank range.

Across town, a bus hijacked by two dozen right-wing construction students was intercepted by 50 police at a clogged

continued on page 4

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the U.S. military as its protector. It signed numerous military and economic agreements to strengthen this newly improved friendship and received hundreds of millions of dollars in military assistance in return (\$640 million in the last ten years).

When the military dictatorship was thrown out in 1973, the United States position in the country changed very little. Thailand's leaders were reluctant to upset the balance of power in the region while the United States was still a big, although declining, factor in that struggle.

U.S. given the boot

But in April of this year the Thai people themselves made it clear that the American military was no longer welcome in their

demonstrations reached a peak when several thousand protesters massed in front of the U.S. Embassy on exclusive Wireless Road to denounce the "Mayaguez Affair." In unison the angry demonstrators pointed the soles of their feet at the symbol of American Imperialism, an insult rarely bestowed by a Thai.

And so it was that a century of Thai-American relations came to an abrupt end. A relationship that began when Siam's King Mongkut offered President Abraham Lincoln war elephants for use in the Civil War and grew into a forward defence pact against designs of a unified Soviet-Chinese bloc pitted against the "free world".

The Thai government bowed to the new demands, not

vocal groups are met," he told a group of American businessmen, "and met quickly, then certainly there will begin to be a class struggle between the 'haves' and the 'have nots'. This point is well realised by the present government... Thailand has gone into a new era." Boonchu also expressed the major concern of his conservative government—although the U.S. military has to go, American investors are always welcome to continue lining the Thai businessman's pocket. "We have a saying that new loves are exciting but old loves are always bonded by a golden thread. Our recognition of China does not mean that we are renouncing the United States—far from it. It is our wish that the U.S., which is about to withdraw its military

Thailand...

continued from page 3

Intersection. All but 13 of the students fled and the heavily armed police immediately searched the bus for arms and plastic bombs. One of them accidentally dropped a paper bag from the back seat. Outside, the remaining hijackers grinned as a torrent of nails and scrap iron shredded a dozen hated cops.

Life in the rest of Bangkok carries on at its normal frantic pace, unaffected by these seemingly random acts of violence. For nowadays violence strikes the city like the monsoon—predictable insofar that it's going to happen, but not when. And like the Monsoon, when violence strikes, it does so in such a wave that all but the bravest take for cover.

Right wing backlash

In August, even the leader of Thailand's shaky coalition, Prime Minister Pramot Kukrit, ran for cover, ironically in a

police station, as more than a hundred drunken policemen ransacked his private residence and destroyed his beloved antique collection. Hours later, as the somber looking politician walked through the ruins of his home to discover that only his wardrobe had survived the wrath of his own police force, several hundred right-wing vocational students attacked and burned the law faculty of Thammasat University. This time the police looked the other way as Thailand's most progressive institution was put to the torch.

These latest acts of violence were at the most a prelude to a right-wing military coup in Thailand. At the least they were a veritable show of force for conservative elements in a country that is tottering under the weight of recent events in South East Asia. Put together with other events that have occurred this year in Thailand they paint a grim picture of what is to come in the 'Land of Smiles.'

"We live in a time of crisis," says Anond Visriton, an active member of the progressive

National Student Centre of Thailand (NSCT) who took part in last spring's anti-US demonstrations. "Let's face it, things are going to get more chaotic and violent before this country recovers from the rapid changes it's undergone in the last two years."

But will it recover? Can it stave off the military and conservatives waiting for any opportunity to take back the power they lost in 1973? The 23 year old Thammasat University student shrugs his shoulders. "After the October Revolution of '73 threw out the military and established a constitutional democracy here, the Thai people thought that some of their needs would at last be satisfied. But now we see that it wasn't good enough. Kukrit's government hasn't even begun to satisfy those needs. And Thailand won't see peace until it does..."

After the events of this summer, many Thais are questioning whether the government will even get a chance, or wants a chance, to start satisfying the needs of the country.



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Prof. Greene is a professor of Microbiology at the University of Minnesota and rector of the Midwestern NASA programme.

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The Weekly



Capson's creation no. 28

The Creation 2 Theater Ensemble, a Toronto-based group, is presenting *Face Crime* by Louis Capson from November 5 to 8 in the D.B. Clarke Theater at Concordia University. *Face Crime* is about Stalin's youth and his subsequent rise to power. The group describes its form as "theater that begins in the ensemble of living people and that is given to the larger ensemble of people." This is the text of an interview with Doug Porter, the company's manager.

The ensemble started out by doing plays based on children's games, in Toronto's parks. We could not publicize that we were going to do a play; we would just arrive and start playing children's games. Then a point came when the play would start and we'd go on from there. Some people didn't realize it was a play. Once at the end of a play, someone got beaten up and the police were called!

Mostly we've done Louis Capson's plays, our group's

director and playwright. We've done *Oedipus At Colonus*, a restoration play and a Max Gorka play. We have done ritual plays, but theater began as a ritual and all plays have elements of ritual. We try to explore many different forms of theater, using different types of staging. For example, one play we did was performed on a volleyball court with only the actors and a few chairs.

We do most of our productions in Toronto at no specific location. We rent theaters and operate as a community, that is, we all live together. We've done plays around the Toronto area, such as Hamilton and Waterloo. In 1971 we toured British Columbia and in 1972 we performed *Midway Priest* written by Louis at the National Arts Center.

This is the first time we've come to Montreal. *Face Crime* opened at Toronto on October 10 and is still running. We've worked a long time on it—it took the whole summer to rehearse—and so we wanted to bring it somewhere. We talk



John Bloom

to people after the shows and they seem to like it. The play has music, costumes, masks and movement, all leading to a sort of stylized ritual.

The play concentrates on the theme of the face of steel. Stalin means steel in Russian. Stalin created a bureaucracy where one had to commit the "face crime", that is, not showing any emotion, in order to survive. So, we created a contemporary religion that worships Stalin.

In a ritual form, the

performers act out the lessons from the life of Stalin. We try to show Stalin as both a saviour and a tyrant; both sides are left open. We are concerned with the man himself and not what he did.

Face Crime has relevance in the sense that it is being done right here and now. Also, it relates to modern bureaucracies which basically worship death.

The play becomes an extension of our living together. It's easier if what we do

is real and right out of life. This creates problems sometimes. We have our ups and downs.

Our philosophy as a group is basically to serve an audience by giving them a good production, as well as some kind of content. We try to deal with questions such as where society is going, but not in a clichéd way.

We are called Creation 2 because the first creation is life and the second creation, or creation 2, is the play that comes from our life together.

—Allison Rowley

Culture for the people

The "Democratization of Culture" is how the PR people at Place des Arts describe their expanded programme of inexpensive concerts and art history lectures, in the tradition of the popular *Sons et Brioches* (sounds and doughnuts) series of recitals.

One might infer thereby that the guardians of Montreal's most glamorous centre for the arts have finally recognized, however minimally, that the diffusion of the visual and performing arts is traditionally restricted to a predominantly upper-class minority.

The association that society has established between contemporary as well as classical art and prestige, pretentious glitter and elegance, and sometimes profit, has been a most unfortunate one. As a result people of more modest financial resources have been unable to enjoy some of the most enlightening aspects of human culture.

It remains to be seen whether this programme of cheap and informal cultural events is part of a growing trend to seek a wider diffusion of the arts, or merely a token and temporary concession. In any case because of their low ticket price and casual atmosphere these concerts do enable people of all backgrounds, workers, students, even children, to acquaint

themselves with the music, and visual arts of the West.

Four separate series of cultural events in this format are now offered by the Place des Arts, —*Concerts Midi* (Noon Concerts), *La Chant'Août*, *Conferences sur l'art* (art history lectures), and *Sons et Brioches*.

Concerts Midi

The first two take place at noon on Wednesdays and Thursdays respectively, in the central lobby of Wilfred Pelletier Hall. Admission is one dollar with a buffet lunch available for \$1.50. The *Concerts Midi* present mainly chamber music, performed by selected instrumentalists of the Montreal Symphony under the direction of Mario Duchenes.

Today, November 5, the *Ensemble Claude Gervaise* will give a special recital entitled "Music and Instruments of the Renaissance". In one week's time the theme of the *Concerts Midi* will be "Pan and Syrinx: Introduction to the flute family".

La Chant'Août

The Thursday noon concerts—*La Chant'Août*—are one hour presentations as are the *Concerts Midi*, but feature song and music of Québec exclusively. Tomorrow's recital presents François Léveillé—"the chansonnier of landscapes and concrete"—and

the Desjardins-Renaud duo—"the two most beautiful voices of the Gatineau". Future concerts will spotlight a fiddler-violinist, the Québec jazz group *Délina* and performances by other vocalists and instrumentalists of Québec folk music.

The remaining two series take place on alternate Sunday mornings at eleven o'clock; admission is a very reasonable fifty cents per person, which includes a "continental breakfast"—coffee (or milk) and a doughnut, taken at the end of the performance.

Sons et Brioches

Sons et Brioches was launched in 1972 by Place des Arts in conjunction with the *Jeunesse Musicales* of Canada, essentially featuring chamber music from the baroque to the romantic periods, performed by young musicians, predominantly Canadian. On October 19 of this year a younger musician than faithful audiences of *Sons et Brioches* are accustomed to give a solo piano recital of works by Scarlatti, Bach and Schumann. Over 400 persons had jammed the lobby of the Wilfred Pelletier Hall to hear sixteen year old, Montreal born, Louis Lortie pound the keys.

Even if the attendance figures of this concert were higher than normal, for any of

the *Sons et Brioches* concerts one would be well-advised to arrive at Place des Arts well before eleven o'clock, as there are no reserved seats. In fact there are no seats provided; one sits on the floor or stands, the former being a not too disagreeable position especially when mollified by a coat or cushion.

Despite appearances, the *Sons et Brioches* concerts are not especially intended for children. Unfortunately however, at the Lortie performance and the recital given last Sunday their occasional noisy restlessness (not their number alone) proved to be a minor irritant to both audience and performer.

But who dare take offense at the presence of little ones? What better opportunity exists to introduce children by sight and sound to the pleasure of music? And after all, who can find a babysitter on Sunday mornings?! The number of children was no doubt greater than normal at the Lortie concert given the young age of the performer, which, combined with his prodigious talent, was probably expected by hopeful parents and piano teachers to have some inspirational effect on the children they had taken with them to the recital. The *Sons et Brioches* concert held last Sunday featured cellist Helene

Gagné, accompanied by Anne Marchand at the piano. The programme consisted of three works, inspired by French, Spanish, and Hebrew folk music, and composed by Baxelaire, Nin y Castellanos, and Bloch respectively. The latter piece, *Schelomo*, interpreted with much skill and sensitivity, was especially moving. Unfortunately it was chosen as the final piece on the program, and because of its greater length, did not hold the attention of the younger members of the audience resulting in a certain amount of noisy fidgeting; which I nonetheless find preferable to scratches on a stereo record. Thus, unless given to paedophobia, one is sure to enjoy the concerts in the *Sons et Brioches* series. The next performance on November 16 will doubtless be a popular one, as it features the classical guitars of the Quartet Tarrago, from Spain.

Conferences sur l'art

Next Sunday, November ninth, will be the third Art History lecture of the series in Place des Arts. The topic is *Maisons et meubles rustiques en Nouvelle France*.

The lectures are given entirely in French, in the Maisonneuve Theatre of Place des Arts. Jean-Claude Plan-chard, an art history professor

CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN

Fischer-Dieskau: The voice from Mars

It is commonplace today to mistrust the legends built up around performing artists of the past. Edwin Booth, Franz Liszt, Isadora Duncan, all had uncanny effects upon an audience, reports of which we assume have been embellished with the passing of time.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, today's foremost singer of lieder, gave credence to the legends of the past at his Place des Arts recital Monday night. On stage he looks like a Rodin sculpture come to life, as if The Thinker stood up, put on a tuxedo, and sang.

Dieskau is enormous. He stands with his feet planted eighteen inches apart, a distance more than offset by his broad shoulders. His enormous head and upper

body, perched atop two long, long legs, gives one the impression of seeing him from above, foreshortened, even when he is viewed from below.

As he sings he moves, gracefully. A step here, a quick turn of the head there, then a slight sway. At times he appears to be leaning over the edge of the stage even when he is nestled in the bend of the piano. He does not gesture at all with his arms. Occasionally his right will rest on the piano; his left will remain by his side.

He is undeniably handsome, his 55 years betrayed only by his silver-gray hair. Otherwise he looks rather like the young Orson Welles; and like Welles, a sly avuncular twinkle lurks beneath the usually stern set of the features.

Unlike performances of past

legends of the stage the art of Fischer-Dieskau is well known to anyone who has even a passing acquaintance with lieder, or art song. His repertoire includes well over 1000 songs, and in opera he is famed as an interpreter of such diverse composers as Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, Strauss, and Berg. He has made more recordings than any other artist in history.

Albeit Fischer-Dieskau stands at the head of his profession. He might, however, stand at the very pinnacle of Western Civilization. He is so good, he may be the very best thing we have to offer.

The programme Monday night consisted of selections from Mahler's Des Knaben Wunderhorn, (The Youth's Magic Horn) a series of fables,

folk tales, and tales of war. Des Knaben Wunderhorn was originally scored for voice and orchestra and later arranged by the composer for piano. The piano parts are therefore of extraordinary difficulty, for the pianist is not only called upon to imitate orchestral effects (such as brass and percussion) but to accompany a singer as well. Jorg Demus, the accompanist and long-time collaborator with Fischer-Dieskau, played both beautifully and magnificently.

It was astounding to hear the voice, so familiar on records, emanating from a man. If you were to take an egg, put it in a spoon, and carry it for a mile, sometimes walking, sometimes skipping or running, sometimes jumping, and reading poetry at the

same time, you would have an idea of the control Fischer-Dieskau has over his instrument and why audiences hold their breath while he sings. A pipe organ could rival his control of volume and timbre, but no one singing today can approach his sublime ability to wed words and music.

Although the audience was requested not to applaud between songs, they found it impossible toward the end of the recital to contain their enthusiasm. After the fourth encore Fischer-Dieskau gave a small wave to the wildly applauding crowd. The crowd, dazed, waved back, as one might wave to a departing flying saucer whose friendly inhabitants had stopped for tea.

—George Kopp

Rainbows and Rock

Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, a lead-heavy new group formed by the ex-guitarist of Deep Purple, will be stomping its way through Montreal for its North American debut at The Forum on November 10. This concert follows the recent release of their first album simply entitled Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow.

The album supplies welcome relief to those multitudes of Deep Purple fans (14 million albums sold worldwide in one year alone) who feared the loss of Blackmore from the Deep Purple line-up, as the end of their formula for crushingly high volume rock. Blackmore, however, has shown that he can still churn out a brand of rock 'n roll that has the energy of an A-bomb and should delight his listeners when they find their ears being violently thrown ten rows behind them.

Blackmore's new music often sounds like a rehash of his old Purple material but garnished with other well-known styles. For example the single "man on the Silver Mountain" sounds so uncannily like something the band Mountain would do that I originally thought it was a song from Leslie West's new album, "The Great Fatsby".

Another song, "Catch a Rainbow", brings to mind the old Hendrix ballad "Angel". One very obvious difference between Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow and Deep Purple is the extent to which Blackmore is featured. The album is overflowing with guitar solos. Blackmore always used to complain that he never received enough credit for his contributions to the group. He finally has the recognition he was looking for with his own band.

Ritchie Blackmore has described Rainbow as a natural progression from Deep Purple. "We're going to have much more emphasis on melody... everything isn't going to be hung on a riff". He also says that he was inspired by J.S. Bach and German Baroque music in making the album. How pretentious! This hard-driving rock could not be any farther from Bach. The only exception is the song "Temple of the King" where if straining your ears you might hear some imitation classical guitar in the background of the chorus and in the closing bars.

Blackmore himself once said in *Guitar Player Magazine* that he had taken classical guitar lessons for only a year because all it was good for was



Ronnie James Dio and Ritchie Blackmore at the Forum next Monday with a rainbow?

to strengthen your pinky.

Ronnie James Dio who used to sing with a band called Elf is the only other significant contributor to the album; he co-writes most of the songs with Blackmore.

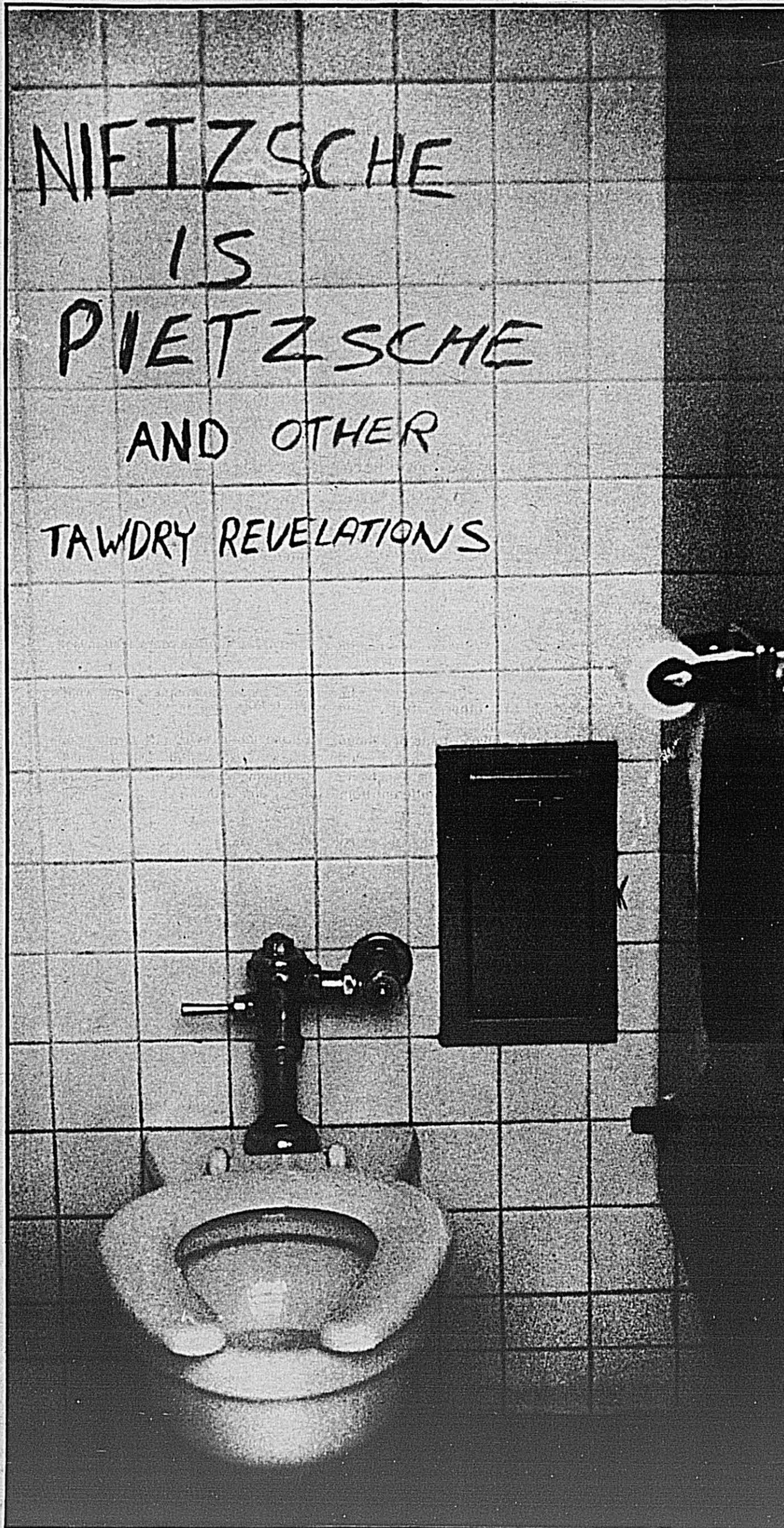
The rest of the band now with Blackmore's Rainbow is completely different, with Tony Carey taking over keyboard duties and Vancouverite

Jimmy Bain on Bass. The most notable member change is ex-Jeff Beck drummer Cozy Powell replacing Gary Driscoll. Powell is well noted in rock circles and is a great improvement over Driscoll who just pounded you into the bathroom for aspirin.

Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow should supply some high

energy entertainment at the Forum. Blackmore himself was always noted as one of the most showy guitarists around and with a group of his own now combined with a two storey custom designed Rainbow on stage, this should prove to be one of the most visually exciting concerts to come along in a while.

—Tim Pytko



The Scene: A Gentlemen's Bath House.

Antonio stands at the basin cleansing himself. A Stranger departs from the Cubicle of Voiding and in the manner of a Slyboots slidders to the door. Antonio steps in his way.

Antonio: Excuse me, Sirrah! Thou hast not bother'd to lave thy Hands.

The Stranger: With all thy noblest intentions, fair Gentleman, Wouldst't thou have the good nature to keep thy Proboscus attach'd to thy Face?

Antonio: The Plague is upon us, my Lord. Only a Slubber-degullion would salute the Faerie Queen with Hands besmirch'd with his foul Humour!

The Stranger: Mine Buttocks have not kiss'd the Seat of Voiding all day, my Liege.

Antonio: Then what dost thou in yon Cubicle?

The Stranger: Come Thither.

The two enter the Cubicle of Voiding and face its East Wall.

The Stranger: Observe mine art, Sirrah!

Antonio (reading the legend on the Wall): "Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? That parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?" These simple words move mine sentiments deeply! What is thy name, O Writer on Cubicle walls?

The Stranger: Shakespeare, my Friend. But thous mayst call me Will.

circa 1591

Author Unknown

[Probably an inferior playwright or historian of the time.]

A friend of mine has been reading the **ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA** in the bathroom since he was in high school. He has gone through about six volumes at the rate of one bowel movement a day, an article per bowel movement. Talk about the sacred and the profane. While performing one of the most unpalatable bodily functions, he has read about Byzantine Art, Emily Dickenson and Fish Farming.

A relative of another friend of mine writes poetry in the john. She's been known to fill three by five cards with some of the most florid language you've ever heard. A few of her poems have been published too.

Our bathroom is the burial place for magazines that have made the rounds of all the bedside tables in the house. We euphemistically call it "the Library." For some reason one day, two weeks ago, I chose to ignore the stack which was slowly being cremated on the radiator near the toilet.

I sat thinking about these two people. There's a vast amount of concentration and creativity to be mustered when one writes poetry or attempts to understand the **Britannica's** pithy articles. I toyed with the idea of writing an article with a catchy title, "Creativity In The Can." It wasn't hard, my mind being so lucid at this point (remember where I was), to realize and get excited over one of the universal manifestations of this creativity—bathroom graffiti!

There's no doubt about it. God, Art Chapman will tell you, was the world's first graffitist. He can prove it too. "I kid you not," he tells me, as he propels himself on his castered chair over to the filing cabinet. He pulls on the drawer marker A-D and extracts a Bible bound in steel, the sort you'd put in your left breast pocket if you were planning to deflect a stray bullet while taking the beachhead at Anzio.

"The Book of Daniel," Art announces

to his congregation of one, looking more like a wino in his navy greatcoat than the minister he pretends to be, "Chapter five, verses one to twenty-five:

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords...they drank wine and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace...then was the palm of the hand sent from before Him, and this writing was inscribed...MENE MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN."

Art closes the Bible softly, places it on his desk and leans back triumphantly in his chair. "It would be blasphemy to even think that the Lord was on a heavenly toilet when He put together this little number. But I tell you this: He couldn't resist a blank wall. Nobody can."

Arthur Reynolds Chapman is McGill's Director of Lavatories and unofficial curator of one of this university's iconographic collections—the graffiti which is found on the bathroom walls. Art's job is something of a dichotomy. On one hand he supervises the Ajax Patrol, a crack team of maintenance men—handpicked aces who can remove the deepest graffiti; on the other, he professes a collector's love for these wall scribbles and has been dutifully recording them since he started working here 30 years ago. Art has consented to show me around some of McGill's bathrooms and expose me to the graffitiist's craft.

"Archaeologists have been finding graffiti all over the place," Art tells me as we make our way to lower campus. He gesticulates when he speaks, competing with the navy greatcoat which flaps wildly in the wind behind him. The greatcoat is his trademark, wearing it most of the year. During World War II Art caught schrapnel in both his armpits and so had his axillary glands removed to keep them from being infected. As a result, he doesn't sweat. "When they dug up Pompeii in the beginning of the 18th century, they came across graffiti like: 'Here Arphocras pleased himself with Drauca for a denarius.' Do you know how much a denarius is?"

"Can't say I do."

"I looked it up. It's a penny. A cent. Anyway, there's this archaeologist, Raffaele Garrucci who has recorded and translated 6000 specimens. I have his book in the office: *Graffiti de Pompeii: Inscriptions et Graues Tracées au Stylet Recueillies et Interprétées*. You couldn't cram a toothpick into your mouth while repeating a title like that."

We enter a bathroom in the Frank Dawson Adams Building. Naturally I'm apprehensive. I can't seem to think of this as a museum. A fart factory perhaps, but not a museum. Art disagrees. He goes from cubicle to cubicle trailing the tails of his unbuttoned coat like an absentminded flasher, surveying the walls completely oblivious to a guy at the sink who is watching him at the mirror. As he weaves from toilet to toilet, Art tells me of Edward Albee who lifted the title of his play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* from a bathroom wall in a Greenwich Village pub.

He stops in a cubicle, scans the wall and shouts "Eureka", calling me over. "These walls have recently been

painted," he says indicating the metal slab which is coated with a burnt orange hue. "But it's starting again. Look." About eight inches above the toilet paper dispenser there is this line:

My mother made me a homosexual. And below it in a different hand:

If I get her the wool, would she make me one too? Art chuckles and marks down the graffiti. "That's the germ," he says. "Come back in three weeks and the wall will be covered. Tomorrow somebody will probably have a wise guy answer for that wise guy answer."

And that's how it goes. Art takes me from lavy to lavy. He's a professional, this Director of Lavatories, always disregarding the hubbub he stirs up. A film crew could be set up in the busiest bathroom on campus with more tact and less commotion. But my pad is soon filled with gems:

If the opposite of pro is con, then the opposite of progress is congress.

(Stewart Biology Building)

God is dead—But don't worry, Mary is pregnant again.

(Leacock)

If you sprinkle,
While you tinkle.
Be a sweetie,
Wipe the seatie.

(Redpath Library)

And in the same vein:

Chiez noir,
Chiez vert.
Mais caluaire,
Chiez pas sur le couvert.

(Redpath Library)

What is art? (leave a short 25 word answer in the space provided below)

Among the entries:

Art is an Austrian dwarf I used to know. He can discuss theology quite capably and his wife makes an excellent cup of tea. Drop by the next time you're in Vienna.

(Redpath Library)

"Orson, stop raising Kane."

—W.R. Hearst (Redpath Library)

"I am a misunderstood word-adict."

—Nervous Marpel
Q.C. (BA '71)
(McLennan)

"Military intelligence is a contradiction in terms."

—Groucho Marx
(Burnside Hall)

Shakespeare eats Bacon.

And below:

It can't be Donne.

(Arts)

Even paranoids have real enemies.
(MacDonald Chemistry)

The above is not a representative cross-section of McGill's graffiti. It's funny and perceptive, but represents only about 5 percent of the total exhibition. We are visiting only men's washrooms (Eva, who took the pictures for this article, tells me it has been a dry year for women's graffiti) and so get to see a lot of sex and racism. We admire some really elaborate, but sometimes anatomically inaccurate (the scale, for instance) line drawings, a few "there was a young lady from Leeds" limericks and scads of dirty jokes and allusions and topical comments about sex. Art and I bust a gut over many of these.

What really angers Art and prompts me to include this somber note in an otherwise light story is the graffiti in the Redpath Library:

Adolf Hitler should've finished the job before committing suicide.

That's it. Arrows emanate from this message. Some are joined to comments calling the writer a mental mosquito, others cite the image of the money-grubbing Jew as a scholarly footnote to verify the original comment. Still other graffiti at the periphery of this hateful core deal with the stereotyped traits of various races and beliefs. Blacks, French Canadians and homosexuals are by no means exempt. It is no different from the stuff we have seen in other WCs yet Art stares at the wall for several minutes and then speaks evenly, again oblivious to the people around him.

"I was among the first allied troops to walk under the barbed wire arches into the concentration camps after the

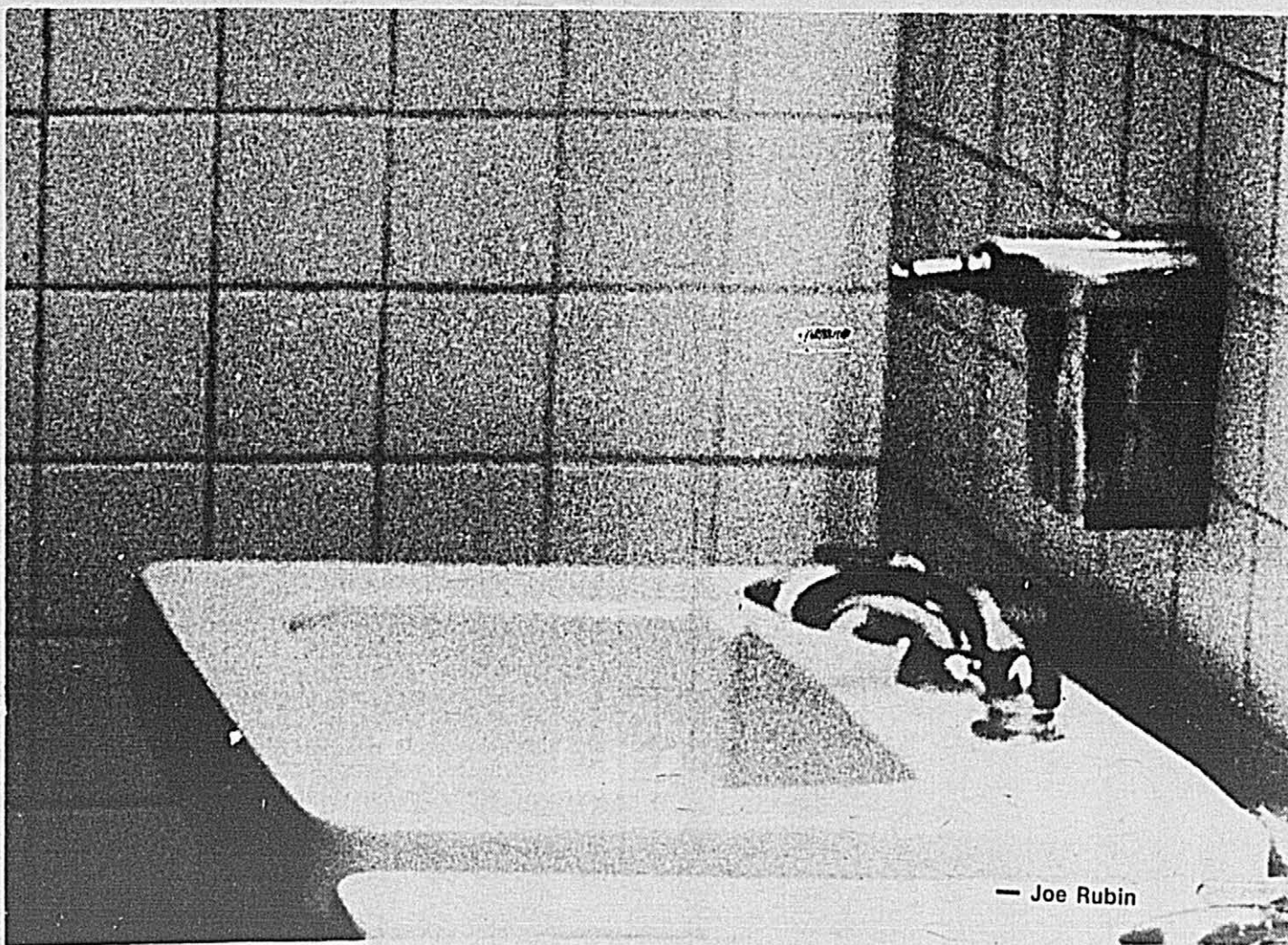
war. That happened 30 years ago and I still have nightmares about what I saw. I vowed to myself then that no matter how drunk or how angry I ever got, I would never curse my worst enemy with such an existence. But every time I see this shit on the wall, written by a person with about as much sense as the stuff that's floating beneath him, I yearn to break that vow..."

We may as well be coming from a funeral the way we walk out of that bathroom. Enough of both of us is buried back there. Art brightens. "I once figured out how much graffiti could be crammed on the three walls of a cubicle," he says. The two side walls are four and a half by four feet eight and three-quarters inches each. The door is one foot eleven inches by four feet eight and three-quarters inches. That gives a total of about 52 square feet of area. Now if the average graffiti is one by three inches, we could squeeze about 2500 graffiti into a single cubicle." Strange words from a man who heads the squad to get the stuff off the walls.

I walk Art back to his office where he lets me copy a portion of an old, probably Elizabethan, manuscript. It's interesting and pertinent (even though its author is unknown) and so I've made it this article's lead quote.

I get all philosophical as I walk over the mountain. Let's say the Martians land in two hundred years, I tell myself. Let's say they aren't a friendly sort and so get busy and reduce all Civilization to crushed Rice Krispies. Now, what's left for the green anthropologist with piano wire coming out of his head whose job it is to sift through our rubble? An aerosol can, a used condom containing Mankind's last, but expired seed, and a burnt orange laminated metal slab measuring four and a half by four feet eight and three-quarter inches. Nestled amongst a whole gamut of scribbled emotions is the peculiar notation:

King Kong died for our sins.
The Rosetta Stone of our time.



— Joe Rubin

Culture...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX

of the Collège du Vieux Montréal whose specialty is Renaissance art provides the commentary for these rather one-sided "conférences". There is no opportunity for asking questions of the professeur.

Planchard's descriptions of the art of Venice and Versailles were well-organized and delivered in a clear and entertaining manner. However I began to question his priorities when I noticed he had spent ten minutes to discuss the Venetian filles de joie (much to the general amusement of the audience), and no time at all on the works of art preserved in the Doge's palace. Thus these lectures are bound to satisfy particularly those persons seeking a general introduction to the art of a particular period, place or artist, and its historical background.

—B. Ryan Spence

Good enough to eat

A little bit of everything
For a little bit of everyone...

Want a good sauce for potato blintzes?

Need something extra for that souvlaki?

Require a new pasta sauce?

Crave a side order for beef curry?

Well, here's a pretty good way to dress a baked potato; a refreshing touch to any old salad; a special bonus for cooked cauliflower; and an unusual attraction for potato chips...

½ cup of mayonnaise,
½ cup of sour cream
½ cup of plain yogurt
2 scallions (including stems)
cut small
½ green pepper cut small
1 hot chill pepper cut very small

1) Blend the mayonnaise, sour cream, and yogurt.
2) Add the vegetables to the mixture and stir it.
3) Ready to eat...

—Julie Wexler



Oldies but Gouldies

He's Canadian and extraordinary; watching him play J.S. Bach can only be described as a peculiar experience. Glenn Gould is not your typical performer. He is very absorbed, oblivious, and uninhibited. He relates to the music and piano, not to the audience. The first time I watched him play a couple of years ago I only said, "bizarre guy". So much for perception.

Last Thursday two films about Glenn Gould were shown during one of the Community Festival film marathons. These films, *Glenn Gould On The Record* and *Glenn Gould Off The Record*, deal with the conflicting aspects of his life. Yet more important is his relationship to music. For Glenn Gould's life is, in fact, music.

He was born in Toronto in 1933. At age three it was discovered that Gould had absolute pitch and at five he made his piano debut. Since then his life has been hectic and absorbing, requiring great mental as well as physical strength to develop his musical talent to the fullest. In 1955 he went to New York; he made his debut there and was immediately contracted by Columbia Records.

Gould likes to spend as much time as possible in a retreat ninety miles north of Toronto. There he finds the anonymity and isolation he seeks. He loves practicing in an atmosphere that is peaceful and calm.

Most of his time, however, is spent in a hectic schedule of performing and recording, of which he prefers the latter. When he studied in Toronto he spent many solitary hours practicing and rarely saw others perform. During that time he developed his own peculiar platform manner. He moves and hums, oblivious to the audience. While recording he even conducts himself. Bach's music is especially conducive to this. Much of it is polyphonic, he hums one voice, and conducts with his fingers as they articulate the different lines in the music.

While Gould is also a prolific composer of atonal music and has performed works of composers from all periods, his rendition of J.S. Bach's works are the most impressive. He plays on the modern piano rather than the more historically correct harpsichord, overcoming the obstacles of authenticity that this presents. His music is clear and resonant; each voice is distinct, yet interwoven into a melodic whole.

Glenn Gould seems to be the kind of performer for whom Bach composed his works. He combines accuracy and precision with an understanding of the nature and power of music.

—Maggie Gosselin

I was curious

The Swedish cinema has enjoyed two great periods of achievement: the years between 1914 and 1921 when Sjöström and Stiller predominated over their European rivals; and the past fifteen years, when the genius of Ingmar Bergman has taken the art of film to such astonishing heights. But there are and have been many other significant directors whose work represents a peculiar homogeneity of style and approach to life. It is not only Bergman who has dealt fatalistically with problems of morality and emotion, but also Alf Sjöberg, Bo Wederberg, Jan Troell, Arne Mattson and Mai Zetterling.

It is intriguing that the Swedish cinema should be so passionate and so violent, when the society that has reared it has developed relatively smoothly into the leading welfare state in Europe. Sweden's neutrality has permitted her to progress while other countries have been maimed by two wars, but sociological ills and a "culture of workers" have not concerned the Swedish directors until recently. In the past they have turned their gaze inward to examine the human soul and the curious sado-masochistic traits in man's nature in films activated by struggle between man and environment, or psychological conflict rooted in the characters

themselves.

The Swedish film maker has found his themes in the Swedish character and the Swedish landscape. The impact of nature is strong, and human feelings tend to be expressed in physical terms. Through the extended autumn and winter seasons in Sweden there is a simultaneous feeling of anticipation and regret for the few short weeks of summer sunshine and happiness. Swedish artists have therefore used summer as a physical embodiment and symbol of the lofty hopes and dreams of paradise entertained by human beings in films like *Wild Strawberries* and *One Summer of Happiness*. The dark recesses of the forest become the abode of Death and his ministers.

Behind the Christian morality, which still exerts a firm influence over many, there exists, originating in a peasant society, an equally fervent erotic obsession. Swedish culture is founded on this Janus-like division of intellect and body, reproof and indulgence. Revolt against this staid and hypocritical element has manifested itself in the form of young love versus an overbearing society. The yearning to shed this self mortification is translated into the concept of escape to an idyllic and endless future, a new life. The characteristics of

fear are all associated with this Puritan strain, i.e. the fire of purification in the *Seventh Seal*, the funeral scene in *One Summer of Happiness*. Explanation through suffering is undoubtedly in the Swedish tradition.

The focal points of Swedish films are more typically existentialist questions of "freedom of choice and force, violence and non violence, power and powerlessness, and the question of a meaningful life." [491, *The Girls*].

All over Europe there is a feeling of satiety and emotional confusion which in turn becomes the desire to escape the artificial comforts with which the democratic west and welfare state have pampered the post war generation—in particular the disapproval of their failure to reach the youth of today. This dissatisfaction with satisfaction is an undercurrent in the new Swedish cinema and one that has proved powerful enough to divert its directors from metaphysical dilemmas.

—Anne Dragemark

McGill Film Society Presents:
Nov. 7th — 491-Vilgot Sjoman
Nov. 14th — *One Summer of Happiness*-Arne Mattsson
Nov. 21st — *Seventh Seal*-Ingmar Bergman
Nov. 28th — *The Girls*-Mai Zetterling

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McGill Hillel

McGill Teaching Assistants Association

Meeting of
Department of Representatives

Wednesday, November 5th,
5 p.m.

Drop-In Center,
Redpath Library

Agenda:

FINAL Proposals and
Strategy

URGENT that all Reps. ATTEND

THE MCGILL DEBATING UNION
MCGILL CHAPLAINCY SERVICES LECTURE SERIES
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"THE MULTINATIONALS"

FEATURING

RALPH NADER

FOLLOWED BY A QUESTION PERIOD

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6 at 8:00 PM

LIVE IN LEACOCK 132; OVERFLOW ROOM WITH
CLOSED CIRCUIT IN L219

PANELISTS

Prof. Eric Kierans
Prof. Georges Leroy

Fr. Pat Traynor
Mr. Tom Mulcair

ADVANCE TICKETS
in Union Box Office; (Management Students only in Bronfman Bldg.); 50c
McGill Students; \$2.00 others.
BRING STUDENT ID WITH TICKET

WHITE-DRY

CARTA BLANCA

RUM

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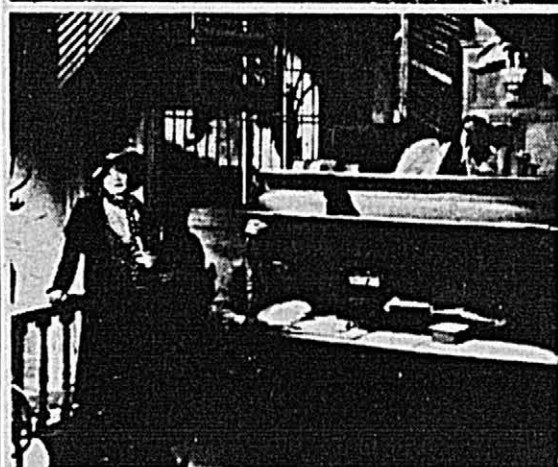
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The Weekly

CHEAP 'n' GOOD MA'S CHOICE



Dietrich as captured by Sternberg who was trapped by Dietrich.



Frozen Fonda and Nicholson a l'Antonioni



Bonnie and Clyde on the tube



Melies: master of magic at McGill

★ McGill Film Society
392-8934

Nov 5 *The Shape of Things to Come* is a bit of classy sci-fi based on H.G. Wells. They had more taste in 1936. 20:00

Nov 7 *491* was done before Vilgot Sjöman's better known *I am Curious* duo, and is a far cry from his later rolling sexual comedies. 19:00 & 21:30

Nov 8 *Papillon* is a Hollywood formula dream. Take Dustin Hoffman & Steve McQueen and you have an instant hit.

Nov 12 I will have much to say about *All* later, most all of it good. La

★ La Cinematheque Quebecois
866-4688/844-8734

Nov 5 *Don Quintin l'Amer*, from Bunuel's "Mexican period" is a fine example of how surreal and perverse a seemingly Hollywood film can be. 21:30

Nov 6 *La Vraie Nature de Bernadette* made it big for Carle on the international scene, without being as good as his earlier work. 20:00

Nov 7 *Rejeanne Padovani* is a straightforward film about a straightforward topic: Quebec politics and the underworld. 21:30

Loyola Film Series
★ 482-0320 loc 437

Nov 5 A good Hitchcock double showing: *The Lady Vanishes* (19:00) & *Shadow of a Doubt* (20:45), both among my favourites. I'd rather pay for them at Loyola than at the Outremont.

S.G.W.U.
★ 879-4349

Nov 6—7 The German Film Festival is bringing some new films that have not yet reached Montreal. There is a lot of excellent filmmaking going on there so check it out.

Nov 10 *A Propos de Nice* and *Zero de Conduite* are two short features by Jean Vigo, a little known but absolutely extraordinary filmmaker who was killed in a car crash in 1934. He made only one other film, *l'Atalante*, but his films are more valuable than numbers. He did a tremendous amount to change the lexicon of film in the silent/sound transition. 20:30

Nov 11 *Blonde Venus* is a great example of how Sternberg was enmeshed and choked by the myth he helped to create. It made me feel very sorry for him. 20:30

★ Cinema V
489-5559

Nov. 10 *French Connection II* is far better than *F.C. I* but then at least Frankenheimer is a competent director. It's still not worth the money. 19:45, also 11th at 21:45

The Passenger is perfect Antonioni drive!; avoid it at all costs. 21:15

★ Cinema Outremont 277-4145

Nov 5 More Hitchcock films: *Suspicion* (19:30) and *Saboteur* (21:30). Go to the showings at Loyola instead.

★ Flick

Nov 6 *Casablanca* is the tough goldenhearted Bogey of all time. Play it again Sam (Sam never does play it.) 19:30

Nov 7 *The Lost Weekend* is Billy Wilder's homage a delirium tremens, with a first-rate Ray Milland. 19:30

Nov 11 *On the Waterfront* put Brando and Steiger on the map. 19:30

From Here to Eternity is likeable in spite of a good acting job by Frank Sinatra. It's the film where he learned how to punc people. 21:30

★ The Boob Tube

Nov 5 *Les Males* was a bit of light relaxation from Carle's other films. He's probably the best and most perceptive Quebecois filmmaker. Ch. 2, 23:00

From Here To Eternity is better on TV than it would be at the Flick. Ch 6, 23:55

Charge of the Light Brigade with Errol Flynn is almost the definition of Swashbuckling. Ch 12, 00:00

Nov. 6 *Singing in the Rain* is IT for those what likes 'em All Singing, All Dancing, and at exactly the right time of day. Ch 12, 12:30

Bonnie and Clyde touched the right chords when it first came out, but it doesn't seem to have withstood a short distancing. Ch 10, 20:30

Nov. 7 *Fahrenheit 451* is usually referred to as stylish: nicely done but probably not worth the effort. Ch 2, 00:30

★ McGill English Dept. 392-4987 (I think)

Nov 7 *The Virgin Spring* is the most one-dimensional Bergman film I've seen. The characters (not people) are stated and left. They don't develop in any way, they are in a situation and react to it in the obvious way. In spite of Bergman's emotional potency it stays an unsatisfying film.

Nov. 11 A program of Melies' films which can show you where films got their magic and left realism far behind. FDA 15:00



The Weekend MUSIC

Golem Coffee House:

Bill Staines. Nov 6, 8, 9. An old favorite, making his debut at Golem. Also, an amazing yodeler. 3460 Stanley Street, 845-9171.

Vehicule Gallery:

Montreal Lute and Guitar Society. Featuring Montreal guitarists and an informal atmosphere, if you feel like it bring your own guitar and join in. 61 Ste. Catherine Street W., Corner St. Laurent at 8 pm Nov 9. Ken Limber (626-8905) or Don Pilarz (937-6745). \$1 donation.

Pollack Hall:

McGill Opera Studio. Nov 7 and 8. Directed by Edith and Luciano Della Pergola. 8:30 pm \$3 to \$1.

McGill Symphony Orchestra. Nov 9. "The Rape of Lucretia" by Benjamin Britten, directed by Eugene Plawutsky. 3 pm \$3 to \$1. Also a Sunday matinee for high school students; free admission upon presentation of student card.

SMCQ: Nov 6. Tribute to Edgar Varese, seer and pioneer of modern music. 8:30 pm \$4.50, students \$2.50.

Redpath Hall:

Montreal Museum Concerts. Nov 6. Free concerts with the McGill Chamber Orchestra. Features a work by Rossini as well as selected Canadian creations. 8:30 pm, 935-4955.

THEATRE

Théâtre du Nouveau Monde:

Equus. A play that has captured the imagination of playgoers in many countries. Peter Schaffer's award-winning drama takes a frank look at sexual hang-ups in a long nude scene. 8 pm Sat at 5 and 9 pm. Sun at 7 pm \$3.50 to \$6.50. Nov 7 through 29. 84 Ste. Catherine W. 861-7488.

D.B. Clarke Theatre, Concordia University:

Face Crime. Nov 5-8 8 pm See article in this Weekly.

EXHIBITS

Goethe-Institut Montreal:

Hella Basu: Creative Lettering. Nov 10 to 28. Mon through Fri, 10 am to 6 pm. Free. Place Bonaventure. Entrance La Gauchetière. Henry Ries: Berlin under the Blockade, a photo exhibition. Mon to Fri, 10 am to 6 pm Free. Place Bonaventure, entrance La Gauchetière.

McGILL DAILY

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letters

Eat and run

To the Daily:

Last Friday my four friends and I decided to drop into the Warehouse - L'Entrepot after seeing their advertisement in the McGill Daily. We all attempted to order drinks but were told we had to order some food as well. Two of us ordered drinks and three of us ordered soup and drinks. Throughout our visit which lasted twenty minutes we were harassed several times by the owner to guzzle, gulp, and go! He claimed that he was losing money while he screamed above the roar of the crowd. Could it be that this is the same Warehouse-L'Entrepot that advertises in the Daily and is supposed to cater to students. By coincidence it had the same address, 2020 University. Without a doubt the Warehouse is definitely not a place to go if you're a student.

Alice Trotter

Why Plank is under attack

To the Daily:

With regard to Andrew Plank's comment of Tuesday, November 4, on "Why Zionism is Under Attack", I find myself puzzled at his reasoning and appalled at his glaring factual errors.

In his piece Mr. Plank denies that Zionism is 'an anti-imperialist movement. Clearly the problem with imperialism is that it denies a native people the right to self-rule. The Jews have been oppressed by many imperialist powers. They were first subjugated by the Romans, the greatest imperialist power of the ancient world. Then under the Moslem invaders who con-

quered the Middle-East, North Africa, and Spain they were still oppressed and were not allowed to re-establish their state. In recent history Britain used its mandate over the area to block any attempt at the re-establishment of a Jewish state, even after the slaughter of six million Jews in the Second World War. It is clear then that, to use Mr. Plank's own words, Zionism is the philosophy of "an oppressed nation rising against imperialism". The re-establishment of Israel, the return of self-rule to the Jewish people in their native land, is the clearest expression of anti-imperialism in modern times.

Mr. Plank also states that Zionism is a movement that brought people from all over the world into a land that belonged to the Palestinian people. From the time of the Roman conquest Jews have always lived in Palestine. Though their presence was diminished after the Romans, their numbers were always sufficient to maintain strong, vital communities. Therefore the "Palestinian people" of which Mr. Plank writes includes the Jews. Since the Roman conquest there was never self-rule by a native people in the area known as Palestine, until the re-establishment of Israel. Therefore Zionism is the philosophy of a "Palestinian people", to use Mr. Plank's phrase, who re-established their own state. Since Mr. Plank champions the cause of "Palestinian people" how can he be angry at Zionism?

As for Mr. Plank's reference to Israel holding large sections of Arab territory, Mr. Plank would do well to check recent Middle East history. This situation is not a result of any Israeli designs to become an imperialist power, rather it is a result of Arab intransigence. Two weeks

after the end of the Six-Day War in 1967 the Israelis, through the US offered to return all occupied territory in return for a peace agreement. President Nasser's response to US Undersecretary of State Eugene Rostow was "We do not want to make peace with Israel".

I would recommend a further study of history to Mr. Plank with regard to his statement that Israel blocks the efforts of the Palestinian people" (I presume he means the Arab population of the area once known as Palestine) for self-determination. In 1948 when Palestine was partitioned Israel immediately recognized the new Palestinian Arab state and extended offers of technical help. None of the Arab nations recognized this new Palestinian Arab state and indeed they immediately invaded and occupied this state for twenty years without giving Palestinian Arabs any self-rule.

Finally, Mr. Plank champions the cause of the Third World Nations. I think it is enlightening to see that of the 70 nations who voted to condemn Zionism at the UN, Third World nations together with a half-dozen communist allies, 52 are dictatorships or absolute monarchies. Only one has a form of government which can be considered a democracy, and a limited one at that. It seems that the governments of the Third World are not as interested in giving their people independence and sovereignty as Mr. Plank is. To understand the Third World's attack on Zionism we must understand that in the entire Middle East the only democratic nation is Israel.

Borys Wajzman,
BCL III, Faculty of Law

Marxist economics

To the Daily:

With the absence of Prof. Quincy Adams Wagstaff I feel I must refute Monday's article concerning Marxist film criticism. I would like to quote Marx on the economics of films, bourgeois or otherwise:

"The nickle today is not what it was 15 years ago. What this country needs is a 7 cent nickle. Why we've been using the 5 cent nickle since 1492. That's 100 years Daylight Savings Time (give or take a little). We should give the 7 cents nickle a chance and, if it works, next year we could have an 8 cent nickle. Think what that could mean. You could go to a newsstand and buy a 3 cent paper and get the same nickle back. A nickle wisely used could last a family a lifetime."

Concerning Jump Cut, "I've got a good mind to join a club and beat them with it".

Rufus T. Firefly

Nice people

To the Daily:

Each time I open the Daily, the first things that hit my eye are the pleas of different social factions comprising our current short-sighted environment. It's usually: Women's Society ... or Combined Jewish Appeal ... or Marxist this ... or Gay Lib that. When is someone going to submit a simple ad in the Daily like, "People! We are having a spectacle this week on campus to which everyone is invited. You will be welcomed—even if you happen to be a man, Jewish or not, American or not, gay or not, handsome, pretty, ugly, fat, anglophone, francophone, etc. Oh yes, we will also try to be equally receptive to those people in the Faculty of Arts as well as Science. In short, we

don't give a damn what you are; we want to know who you are."

Impossible for this atmosphere to exist at McGill? Perhaps. Each successive year there are more and more divisions around us. The intent of those people "of their kind." What these people don't see is that they are creating barriers to "the rest of us." Why do people create their own barriers instead of seeking out precisely that person who is not "one of us"? Everyone has something to contribute in one way or another—even if his (her) ideas are not blindingly radical.

In Montreal, where there exists already enough of a problem between French and English we should be especially cautious of more separations. We should be trying to see who we are and what we share with the world, not just one small party. Or maybe the solution is to form a "Left-overs Party" so that we can all feel the prestige of belonging.

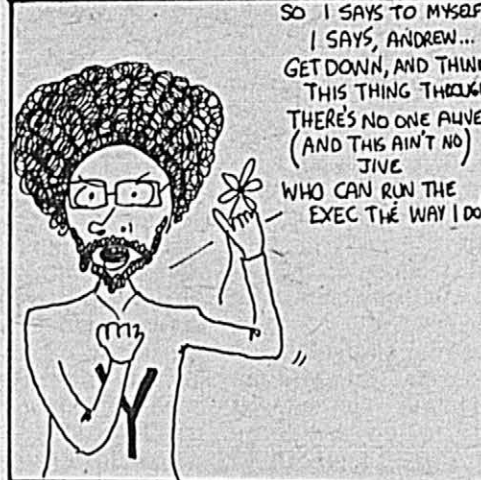
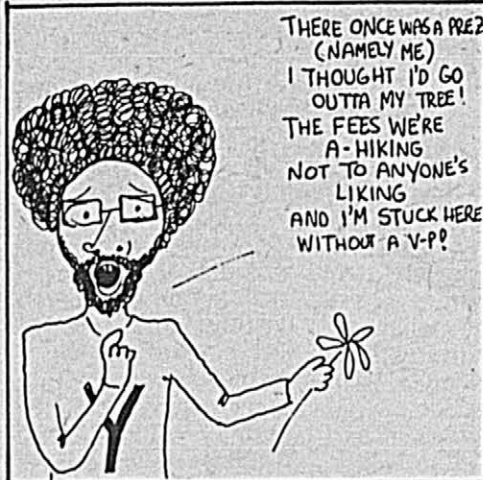
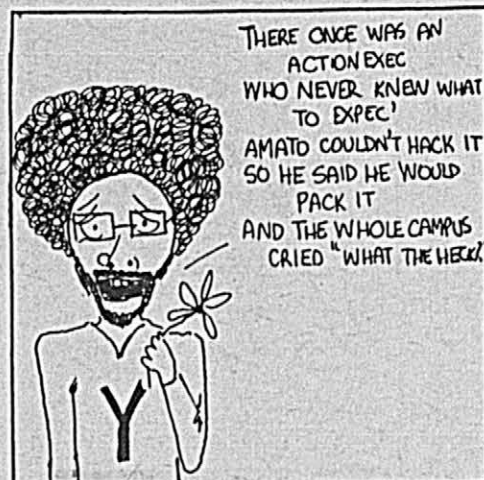
Lisa Clayton

Nota Bene

Please note that the Daily will no longer accept letters which are not typed, at least double-spaced, preferably triple. Up to now nice Daily staffers have used time which could have been better spent typing your material—no more.

hits and guts

by giovanni gray



Yay team

Field hockey team off to Nationals

Daily Sports News Service

The McGill field hockey team finished their regular season league games off in style by winning the last six in a row. Unfortunately, McGill lost the first one, a 3-0 setback to the University of Toronto. This enabled the U. of T. to clinch their twelfth straight OWIAA league title. McGill finished second to the Blues with a 6-1 record.

Impressive in defeat

Although it was disappointing to lose the league championship, McGill chalked up their best record in years. Throughout the two weekend tournaments, McGill displayed some impressive field hockey, and significantly, the ability to come through in the clutch.

McGill came up flat in their first game against Toronto. Unfortunately for the red and white, Toronto was flying. Led by their fine National team member Sue Scott, Toronto passed well, cut hard to the ball, and exhibited a sound defense. McGill goalkeeper Eloise Samuels was injured on the first Toronto goal and had to finish the game in some pain.

The next day, McGill met an aggressive York University squad. McGill dominated the game though they had trouble beating the York netminder. Jan Walkling scored on a deflection of a Moe Godbout pass from the right — a picture goal. Wendy Stack also tallied for McGill. York threatened late in the second, scoring one and coming close several times, but McGill hung on for a 2-1 victory.

McGill was then faced with a problem for their final game of the day against Queens. Goalkeeper Eloise Samuels, injured in the Toronto game, was unable to play. Fern Waxman donned the pads and after a quick practice session took to the field to record a shut-out.

Yay, Fern!

McGill played inspired hockey,

dominating Queen's in every phase of the game. The McGill defense was particularly competent, thwarting most of Queen's offensive thrusts in midfield. And when Queen's did get to the striking circle, Fern was there. The result of numerous McGill scoring chances were goals by Sue Paquette and Wendy Stack. The final score, McGill 2-Queen's 0, and Fern—well she was just relieved that it was over.

This past weekend, McGill was off again on their Voyageur and this time Richard (Dick) took them to York University. McGill struck early against McMaster with Moe Godbout pushing one in past a startled Mac goalkeeper and defense. The game was a fast, exciting one as both teams played a wide open style of hockey. Mac and McGill each had several good scoring chances, but the goalkeepers' managed to shut the door. McGill halfback Jean Macdonnell was outstanding in holding Mac at bay and backing up our attack. Godbout's goal held up as McGill recorded a 1-0 victory. McGill's second game of the day was against the University of Guelph.

Later that day...

Unfortunately this game was not up to the morning's calibre. The pace slowed down considerably and the players and spectators alike began to turn blue. A not-so-pleasant wind coupled with 7 degrees C (that's only 45 degrees F) temperatures sort of had everyone thinking they'd like to be somewhere else.

As usual, McGill was dominating the play, but having trouble getting good shots on goal. Guelph resorted to bringing seven to eight players into their defensive circle which really hampered McGill's attack. Then, early in the second half, Guelph had the audacity to score. McGill struggled to tie the score, particularly Wendy

Stack, but with little success.

Dark cloud above

Things were definitely looking grim when McGill set up for their umpteenth penalty corner. Moe Godbout connected on a hand-stop to put the ball in the net with a mere 20 seconds remaining in the game. A jubilant McGill squad wasted little time in asserting themselves during the 10-minute overtime period. Our team finally started to play the brand of hockey which had been missing during the previous 60 minutes. Wendy Stack gained control of the ball in a goal mouth scramble to give McGill the 2-1 victory.

On Saturday, as if the cold wasn't bad enough, it rained (and rained, and sleeted, I think). Anyway the show had to go on and McGill took to the field against Western. The purple team was playing well and they soon had the lead. Fortunately, McGill came right back down the field and Moe Godbout tied the game with another hand-stop—a good shot to the wide-side goalpost. Wendy Stack rounded out the scoring for the Red & White and the game ended in another 2-1 McGill victory.

The last game

McGill's final league game was against Waterloo. The first half was a disaster for McGill although somehow the score was only 1-1 (Wendy Stack scored). Waterloo out-hustled and totally out-played the McGill crew. Fortunately, McGill goalkeeper Eloise Samuels was on her toes to make the saves and halfback Jean Macdonnell was there to clear the ball.

The second half, McGill came to their senses and started to play in a manner more befitting their talent. Sue Paquette flicked a shot in to give McGill the lead and Moe Godbout beat out the Waterloo defence diving at the ball to

daily sports



Left row [top to bottom] Carol Moralejo, Moe Godbout, Sandy Meredith. Left centre row [top to bottom] Debbie Wright [manager], Wendy Stack, Jean Macdonnell, Leah Auclair. Right centre row [top to bottom] Cheryl King, Carol Olsen, Jan Walkling, Eloise Samuels. Right row [top to bottom] Jan Meyer, Sue Paquette, Fern Waxman, Terry Ballantyne.

deflect it past the on-rushing goalkeeper. Thus the game, and the OWIAA season ended—six wins, only one loss—a very strong second place standing.

Championship bound

Now, it's on to the CWIAU National Field Hockey Championship for the McGill team. They're representing the QUAA

in this first ever intercollegiate national final. McGill will play each of the other conference winners in this five team tournament being played at the University of British Columbia. And guess who McGill meets first? None other than their chief rival, the University of Toronto. Look out T.O., here we come!!

Pucksters triumph

by Chris Smith
and Gord Oliver

Last Saturday afternoon, the Redmen hockey squad managed to outscore, but not outplay, their opponents from Seneca Community College. This was their first taste of exhibition hockey this season. A small, yet vociferous, crowd of over two hundred was on hand to witness a rather lacklustre show by both squads. Although few and far between, there were some exciting moments, as a handful of salty veterans pulled the game out of the hat for the old red 'n white.

The heroes

Returnees Dave Brandt led the charge against Seneca with two goals. Graham MacLachlan

and Steve Mitchell also each beat the goaltender once. It wasn't an awesome offensive spectacle, but it certainly was enough to win the game.

The regular season begins tonight at 8 pm, when the Redmen host a powerful team from Concordia University. As you probably remember from last season, Loyola and Sir George (now together) finished first and third respectively in the standings. Loyola made it as far as the collegiate finals. No doubt, the Redmen have their hands full.

Forget your midterms

Yet, a possible victory is not complete fantasy. Fan support has a lot to do with the outcome of these games. Often



a win is contingent on the encouragement of the spectators on hand. So why don't you drop whatever you're doing tonight and take in what will certainly be an entertaining hockey game. Remember, Redmen games up at the winter stadium are the greatest bargain in town: admission is free.

Exhibition bis

B-ballers conquer

The McGill Redmen basketball team squashed the Vanier College Cheetahs 117-57 Monday evening in a scrimmage played at the Currie gym.

Possessing an overall height advantage and greater firepower, McGill had Vanier doubled on the scoreboard for virtually the duration of the game.

High scorers for the Redmen were newcomer Larry Gibson with 30, Rolie "Le Petit General" Brisset who scored 18, and



Jim Gallogly 13. Walt Smigiel-ski led the Cheetahs with 10 points.

today

E.L.A.:

Attention E.L.A. members: Student Caucus this afternoon at 4:00 in Arts B-20 to discuss agenda for Assembly on Thurs. at 4:00. It is important that you attend. For further information 392-4483.

McGill Dive Club:

Tonight at 6 pm in room G-20 of Currie Gym and between 6:30 & 7:30 pm in the pool, the Dive Club (underwater, not sky) is having its "christening". All interested are welcome. Please bring Mask, Snorkel, and Fins, if you can. Underwater Hockey details will be revealed. For info, contact Alasdair at 285-9082, rm. 417, or leave a

letters

Smug advice

To the Daily:

This letter is written, in part, as a response to your editorial comment on the recently held McGill Community Festival.

You use such phrases as "token students," "abysmal facilities," and "administrators in mahoganized splendour." You bemoan the lack of community spirit and comment on the relatively few people who chose to participate ("but for those who did ... the effects were most salutary"). You close by offering advice to the senior administration.

There is hardly a word about the role of the Daily and the Festival organizers in the success or failure of such a major event.

Our family did come to participate in at least three events: children's films, computer terminal demonstration and "Why Rock the Boat?", a feature film.

Before dispensing cute adjectives and smug advice to others, the Daily staff (and the Festival organizers) should ask: What can we do to make such as Festival a greater success?

I submit that a special issue of the Daily late Friday and/or early Saturday last week, listing all the schedule changes, and distributed downtown would have attracted more people and kept them more satisfied!

So ... before you castigate others, look around in your own backyard. Perhaps you can contribute to the solution too—not just comment on the problems.

My last paragraph also applies vis-a-vis your editorials on Students' Society and other matters.

Andrew C. Gross
Visiting Professor

The visiting professor has misunderstood the point of the editorial completely. The Community Festival, despite its small turnout, was a success. McGill University, despite its large turnout, is a flop. Perhaps in the future you should check off the lines of the articles as you read them. This way there is less of a possibility that you might inadvertently skip a few. —Ed.

message at the Intramural Office.

Science Progressiste:

Tonight's co-ordinating committee meeting is cancelled, but tomorrow's general meeting at 7:30 is still on.

Chess Club:

There will be a meeting of the chess club at 4 pm in union 307. It is important that all persons who wish to take part in future activities be in attendance. Please bring sets and clocks if possible.

Gay McGill Meeting:

Tonight at 7 pm on North Balcony, 4th floor, Union.

Commuters' Action Committee Against the Fare Hike:

All those interested in continuing to organize against the transit fare hike, including circulating the petition should come to a very important meeting today at 12:30 pm in 307 Union.

East Asian Studies Association:

General Meeting 4:30 pm 3434 McTavish Lounge (3rd floor). Agenda—Appointments to Faculty Committee; Plans for

Reception for visiting CEGEP students.

Self-Help Workshop:

The Women's Union is sponsoring a Self-Help Workshop tonight at 6:30, room 307 in the Union. Two films will be shown and there will be a demonstration of cervical and breast self-examination techniques. All women are urged to bring hand mirrors to assist in the self-examination. Because of the nature of the workshop, only women are asked to attend.

McGill Outing Club:

Trip to Adirondacks, Nov. 8-9. Room for 12 people by van. Let us know if you have a car. Last day to sign up and pay. Cost \$8.00 per person. Organizational meeting today at noon in the Office, room 416. Phone 392-8953.

Women's Intramural Volleyball:

GAMES TONIGHT: 5:30 pm-P and OT vs. Arts and Science; 6 pm-Management vs. Medicine; 6:30 pm-Arts and Science vs. Law; 7 pm-P.E. I vs. P.E. II.

Books For Prisoners:

The John Howard Society is requesting donations of books to prisoners in the Archambault Maximum Security Institute in Ste. Anne des Plaines. Stick books in the box in the Union lobby today through next week. be generous, after all, none of us would want to be put away for years. For large donations call Eric 935-5481.

Progressive Conservative Youth Federation:

There will be a meeting to elect an executive body and to adopt a constitution on Friday at Morrice Hall, room 202. For further information, contact John at 931-5887.

McGill Hellenic Association:

General meeting to be held today at 5:30 pm in room 327 Union. Your attendance is important.

McGill Film Society:

The shape of Things to Come, in L-132 at 8:00 pm. 50 cents admission.

Comment

The "insignificant" George Kopp



Write a radio commercial and win money!

Think you can do it? Why not! Crescent Yogurt is giving you the chance to write a 60-second radio commercial and win dollars! You know Crescent Yogurt — the yummy yogurt you can shake or eat as is, perfectly delicious either way! Well, now's your chance for fame and glory. Discover your creative talent. It's easy to write a radio commercial on something as good as Crescent Yogurt. All you have to do is tell the world what you like about it.

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Mention the product at least three times. Use a stopwatch to help you. And say it out loud to see how it flows and how much time it takes when said.

You can win:

\$500.00 First Prize
\$300.00 Second Prize
\$100.00 Third Prize

And there will be six prizes of \$25.00 each. So write your little heart out and WIN!

Send your entries to:

Crescent Radio Contest, P.O. Box 665, Station "H", Montreal, Quebec
ENTER AS OFTEN AS YOU WISH.

Things you should know about Crescent Yogurt:

There's plain Crescent yogurt, vanilla, coffee, and 11 marvelous fruit yogurts. If you haven't sampled the product, try some. It will inspire you and get your creative juices flowing.

Rules and regulations:

This contest is open to all fulltime college students. You must write down your faculty and year to be eligible. Entries will be judged on originality and principles of advertising, and become the property of Crescent Cheese Company and their advertising agency. Entries must be in by January 15, 1976. Winners will be announced on or before February 15, 1976. Employees of Crescent Cheese Company and their immediate families, its affiliates, its advertising agency or the contest judges are not eligible. Decision of the judges will be final.





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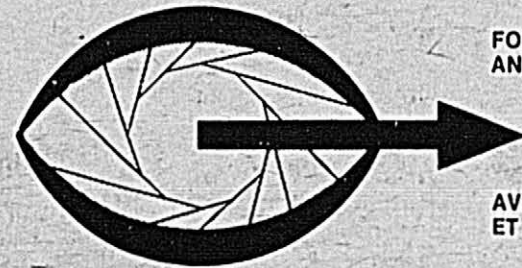
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